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Clouds and Sunshine

POEMS BY

Ida Weaver



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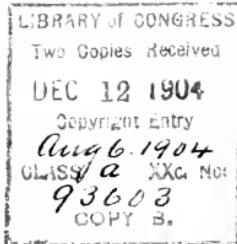
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CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE
POEMS
By IDA WEAVER.

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PREFACE

Humbly and for the first time, I place a book of poems before the public, seeking for their approval and good wishes.

I have been long years composing this book and I have done my best. Hoping all my Brothers and Sisters will help me all they can, for we are all Brothers and Sisters in Christ Jesus, working together for the betterment of humanity, and the uplifting of souls.

Sweet indeed is the promise to the children of men.

Yours sincerely,

MISS WEAVER.



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BY IDA WEAVER.

A GREETING.

As the flowers bloom and are fragrant,
By the grass of God above,
So I come to you with greetings,
Of friendship, truth, and love.

To all my fellow creatures,
Let them be who e'er they may,
I hope they'll take the pathway
That leads the Christian way.

May all who read these pages,
Passing down the silvery stream,
Find life's pathway strewn with roses,
Not one long and dreary dream.

If the heart is sorely tempted,
In the way of wrong and sin,
Plead to God for sweet forgiveness,
He will surely let you in.

As the world grows dark and silent,
When the shades of night appear,
So our father He is with us,
When we seek His aid in prayer.

As the spring with early showers,
Brings the daisies bright and sweet,
So this garland of verses,
I am lying at your feet.

TO THE FAIR STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Why should we go abroad for pleasure
When we can find it here at home,
There's no fairer state than Washington
No matter where we roam.

There's no more prosperous cities.
No grander scenery found,
From the coast of the Atlantic
To the shores of Puget Sound.

They come from many regions
To view old Mount Rainier,
Though among our native people
'Tis called Tacoma here.

There's no better schools and churches,
In any land to-day,
Than in our own fair cities,
God bless them all, we pray.

Our oaks and our fir trees,
Our hemlocks with their shade,
Show a land of peace and plenty
Booming in the world of trade.

Ships are here from every port,
And of railroads we've our share,
And if we believe the rumors
More yet are coming here.

We have coal in great abundance,
Shipped to every port on earth;
Well may the youths of Washington
Be proud of their place of birth.

Our fruit's to all a wonder,
Our gardens and our flowers,
There is no fairer region
Than the State that we call ours.

We have copper, gold, and silver,
Right here upon the Sound,
But our people see Alaska
Where the gold is ever found.

We have beautiful lakes of water,
Our parks are something grand,
And commerce from our fair cities,
Take a part in every land.

We have numerous tracts of timber,
You can find them far and wide,
And the woodman's saw is busy
With the iron wedge by his side.

The roots we know are dreadful,
And we all find fault with them,
But our Father in His wisdom
Formed them for the toil of men.

Oft when Eastern States are snow-bound,
Our own is ever green,
Of all the States in the Union,
We surely have the Queen.

So if you think of coming,
Do not a moment wait,
And when you buy your ticket,
Tell them that it's for our State.

ONLY A BANQUET OF FLOWERS.

Patiently on a bed of suffering
Lay a sick and lonely one,
But with faith in Jesus' mercy,
Whispered, "Let Thy will be done."

Kindly from a Christian neighbor,
Came a gift of lovely flowers,
And they filled the room with perfume,
Brightening up the lonely hours.

For the message she sent with them,
Words of holy scripture told,
And they gladdened the lonely sufferer,
Though the world looked dark and cold.

With the perfume of the flowers
And the little scented note,
Swift the days of happy childhood
In her gentle heart awoke.

When her heart was filled with sunshine,
And the world looked bright and fair,
She had wandered on the hillside,
Gathering flowers rich and rare.

Then her hair was golden brown,
Now it was turning grey,
But pleasant was the memory
Of her childhood's happy day,

Oft her heart was sad and weary,
On life's dark and troubled tide,
But the prayers of early childhood
She had trusted as her guide.

Sweet and pleasant was the memory,
Of her childhood's happy life.
When her heart was filled with sunshine,
And she knew no care nor strife.

Softly she bowed her head in prayer,
Tears dimmed the eyes so blue,
As she blessed the fair young giver,
With the heart so good and true.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Dear Auntie, my path is not all roses,
And life's tasks are hard to do,
But of all my distant kindred,
None are as dear as you.

Yet we are not so far asunder,
For the same land we daily tread,
And the lack of money only
Keeps us far apart when all is laid.

Oh! would that some good fairy
This cold and wintry night,
Would come with golden treasure
And make my lot more bright.

Yes, a bag of gold and silver,
The key that rules the world,
And soon I'd come among you.
And be a happy girl.

But my fancy plays me truant,
And I'm a child once more,
In the little low roof cottage
With the well near by the door.

In dreamland I often wander
To the home, upon the hill,
Where I passed my early childhood,
With my life aims yet to fill.

Over the hills I gayly wander,
Whiling by the pleasant hour,
Seeking for the wild white lily,
And the little cat-ear flower.

Of the loved ones that we cherished,
In that little cottage home,
Some are sleeping in the graveyard,
And some apart do roam.

Yet in fancy I can see their forms
As they grouped around our hearth;
And not alone I wander
To the dearest spot on earth.

Life has brought me many trials
And dreams of fame unwon,
But I have learned the old, true, lesson—
'Tis the will of God that's done.

A DAY DREAM.

I am going to Tacoma,
I intend to stay awhile,—
I hope that when they meet me
They will greet me with a smile.

Now there's that young Irishman,
He's always up to pranks;
For the cake I sent him New Year,
I hope he'll offer thanks.

The proper thing in Mr. Brockway,
But we always call him "Tim,"
And they say among his comrades,
None's more kind of heart than him.

As young Brockway turns his breaks
In the snow or falling rain,
Laughing blue eyes ever haunt him,
And forgetfulness is vain,

He is dreaming of a cottage,
'Mid sweet flowers and lawn so green,
And a laughing blue-eyed maiden
Whom he hopes to call his queen.

Oh! the castles he is building,
Ah! but youth must have its day,
All too soon life's sorrows sadden
Youthful hearts that should be gay.

So I wish him every joy,
May his dreams all come to pass,
And among his earthly treasures,
May he win the blue-eyed lass.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

To fight for Cuba's freedom,
A soldier he became,
And left his home and kindred
To avenge our gallant "Maine."

As the evening shades were gathering,
In a foreign land he lay,
With no loved ones there to soothe him
As his life streams ebbed away.

His comrades stood around him,
With tears, each eye was wet,
His death bed, sad and mournful,
They would not soon forget.

He spoke unto a comrade,
His dearest friend of all,
And said, "Pray, take this message,
As it's been my fate to fall.

Dear comrade, listen kindly.
For never more shall I,
In life with loved ones by me
Dwell beneath my native sky.

For I am dying, and I know it,
But I'll bravely meet my doom,
Though my life is in its morning
And the grave is full of gloom.

Take this message to my sweetheart,
In her home so far away,
There among friends and loving kindred,
She is waiting day by day.

Yes, patiently she's waiting,
For the close of war with Spain,
Thinking then again I'll meet her,
And forgotten be each pain.

Tell her, when you meet her,
How dear she was to me,
How I longed for her dear presence
Over here across the sea.

Tell her, I remember.
Our last parting hour,
And it's been our bright memory,
In sunshine or shower.

Tell her, I remember,
All her fond words to me,
And I've carried their sweetness
Over mountain and sea.

Her eyes were pools of purple,
Her mouth a scarlet thread,
I seem to feel her presence
Though the hope of life has fled.

Once it was for her sake
The world's wealth I did crave,
But now I'll never need it
In the soldier's lonely grave.

Tell her, I fought truly
For justice and right,
And I've faith that I'll meet her
In the realms of light.

Where the birds sing at morn
And the wild flowers bloom,
'Mid the mountain's lone vastness,
He sleeps in his tomb.

TO THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP
“*ANDELANA.*”

Sunk in the Sound January 14th, 1899. **Vessels**
without ballast and stay log go adrift.

It was not in Boston harbor,
Where the wrecked and lost abound;
But here at New Tacoma,
And the grand old Puget Sound.

All safe they felt in the harbor,
And light were the hearts of the crew,
But silent and deep is the water,
That's hid them forever from view.

Oh ! brave is the heart of the captain,
Who rides the dark waves with his men,
And when we give homage to heroes,
A part should be given to them.

Sad, indeed, is the story,
And the wild waves rock and creep,
But the last hours are shrouded in mystery,
Of the sailors asleep in the deep.

Many heads will bow in sorrow,
In the homes so far away,
For the laddies that are sleeping
In the waters of our bay.

Softly the waves break and murmur
O'er the spot where the lost vessel lies,
And strangers must bear the sad message,
Of the lost crew, to far away skies.

I'LL STICK TO MY MOTHER.

One day as I loitered
By some children at play,
I listened a moment
To the words one did say.

He spoke to his companion
Of a now roving brother,
And he said, whatever happens
I'll stick to my mother.

The words were like music,
The sun brighter shone,
For I thought what a comfort
He would be in his home.

Oh! blessed is the mother
Who has such a son,
To welcome so sweetly,
When the day's work is done.

For the deeds of our childhood
Oft shine up again,
And the truest of boys
Make the noblest of men.

A GOODBYE.

Dear friend, I have bid you good-bye,
And kissed your children three,
But ever in my memory comes
Their faces back to me.

She haunts me when I'm sleeping,
And at the twilight hour,
Your little blue-eyed baby
With her face like some wild flower.

And your little girl with flaxen tresses,
And eyes the welkin's hue,
And ever in my heart, dear friend,
There's one fond thought for you.

And I will ever remember,
Your little boy with eyes of grey,
And the last time that I saw him,
Late one September day.

It may be years before I see
You and your children, one, two, three,
But ever in my heart, dear friend,
All your faces fresh will be.

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Now the little white cottage stands empty,
I can view it from my cottage door,
Oft I long for the forms that once dwelt there,
But perhaps I shall see them no more.

Far away in the Dominion Government,
On Canada's fertile soil,
In the beautiful city of Windsor,
They're busy with pleasure and toil.

The dear little blue-eyed maiden,
With her cheeks like the wild rose, red,
In our home she'll ever be remembered,
And the dear little things she has said

The brother is also remembered,
In our hearts, he will ever be dear,
Dear little Jack, as we called him,
We often speak of him here.

There was one you always longed for,
In that country far away;
Now I hear that she is with you,
May she prove your joy and stay.

Dear friend across the Continent,
I send these lines to you;
Hoping God has blessed you,
And your star has smiled anew.

With good wishes to all,
Father, mother, daughter, and son,
I lay down my pen,
For my task is now done.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Softly falls the gathering twilight
Over the world so cold and white,
And the distant church bell chiming,
Tells once more of Christmas night.

Hark! the distant church-bell music,
 Sounds like angels from above,
 Telling of our blessed Saviour,
 And for us His wond'rrous love.

Telling how He died to save us,
 He who in a manger lay;
 So with love, joy, and gladness,
 Let us greet the Christmas day.

Let the little children listen
 At their loving mother's knee,
 As she tells the Christ-child's story,
 How He died to make them free.

Deck the cottage and the mansion,
 With the holly, fir, and pine,
 Joy be in every household,
 To greet the Christmas time.

May all hearts be filled with sunshine,
 As the bells ring out again;
 The same old gladsome story,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

LINES OF FRIENDSHIP.

Dear friend, when the sun has ceased to
 shine,
 And the rivers ceased to flow;
 Oh! then I may forget you,
 But never 'till then, I know.

For you're the dearest, and the truest,
The best friend I ever knew,
And when the golden sun is setting,
I oft times think of you.

When the work of the day is over,
And I've put life's cares away,
To you and your fair children,
My heart does oft times stray.

And when the rays of twilight,
Over the whole world silent fall,
Then I would like to see you
And your children, one and all.

THE TRUE LADY.

She came like an angel of mercy,—
The lady upon the hill,
She came to the poor in the lowland,
With help and a kind, cheerful will.

She came to the home that was saddened,
Over which sickness had cast its dark
gloom,
And strove its dark shadows to brighten,
By the flowers she brought all a-bloom.

Her kindness brought joy and comfort
To the lonely and sick that were there,
And at eve when the twilight is falling,
They remember her then in their prayer.

Oh, sweet was the sound of her voice,
 Thrilling with goodness and love,
 Oh, surely God blesses such Christians,
 There in His home up above.

Oh! would there were more of such women
 Abroad in our fair Christian land,
 Striving to help the afflicted,
 And hold out the true Christian hand.

Oh! our Father is willing to send us,
 If only we're willing to go,
 To help the sad and afflicted,
 In time of their trouble and woe.

TO EDNA.

You are not forgotten, Edna,
 Though you have gone away—
 And it seems but only yesterday
 Since together we did stray.

But old Father Time does not wait,—
 We have spent them, you and I
 Many happy days together,
 And swift the years go by.

Your ways so glad and cheerful,
 Your smile was grandpa's pride,
 But now another household,
 Has claimed you, as a bride.

At evening when we're seated,
In each pleasant nook and chair,
No voice more oft than grandma's
Recalls the name so dear.

But not alone in thy grandsire's home,
Do they miss thy smile so bright,
But in the nearer tie of childhood home,
They miss thee morn and night.

And a little blue-eyed fairy,
With hair the sheen of gold,
Longs to see her dear Aunt Edna;
Earth for her no dearer holds.

And when I see Tacoma,
In its busiest walks of life,
I sigh not for the absent,
Knowing she's a happy wife.

And the law is old and ancient,
Since Adam first kissed Eve,
When the marriage vows are uttered,
To the husband we must cleave.

MOUNT TACOMA.

Now, I'll tell the story over,
Told so oft in verse and song,
Of our grand old Mount Tacoma,
In her snowflakes millions strong.

On days when the sun is shining,
 And the world looks clear and bright,
 I can stand at my kitchen window,
 And view the grand old sight.

Standing there for countless ages,
 In her robes so pure and white,
 Who can tell how many winters,
 On her calendar one could write.

The artist paints her beauty,
 The poet chants her praise,
 And the wild birds of the mountain,
 On her white crest sing their lays.

PEN AND PENCIL.

What is greater than the pencil?
 What has more say and power?
 It can move the hearts of millions
 Like the dewdrop on the flower.

Words of wisdom ever flowing,
 From the writer's golden pen.
 One and all use pen and pencil—
 In this the world's akin.

Never while the sun is shining,
 And the flowers are blooming, too,
 Will they do without the pencil,
 When there's business work to do.

Yes, paper, pen, and pencil,
Wield their power over all,
And without their help,
The nation, it would fall.

I know both gold and silver,
Are a power in the land,
But none's a greater power
Than the pencil, pen, and hand.

FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

Now, quaint old Santiago,
Has fallen in her pride;
The scenes of countless conflicts,
Where brave heroes lived and died.

And the walls of Morro Castle
Have been pierced with shot and shell,
Though not alone the Spaniards
But our noble blue coats fell.

Sorrow and desolation
Are abroad in Cuba's land,
And what has brought this conflict—
Ah! oppression's cruel hand!

The lights of the insurgents' campfires
Gleam from the hills far away,
And the ships of our American navy
Lay out in Havana bay.

Stricken indeed is the city
 Rich in her sunlight and flowers,
 Oh! soon may the brave flag of freedom,
 Wave from her turrets and towers.

Brave were our American soldiers
 Cutting the cable away,
 Past is the day of disunion
 We honor the blue and the gray.

A ROMANCE.

When the grass grew green on the hillside,
 And the wild roses bloomed by the stream,
 A fair youth and maiden in Scotland,
 Together dreamed love's happy dream.

Young Henry was the oldest son
 Of a rich and titled Earl,
 While fair and winsome Lena
 Was a poor man's only girl.

But stern was the heart of the old Earl,
 Proud of his title and land,
 And he wished for no daughter of the people,
 To dwell in his castle so grand.

The Earl, he was the guardian
 Of an heiress, young and fair,
 And to wed her to young Henry,
 Was his heart's greatest desire.

But Henry's heart was not like
His father's, stern and cold,
And he would not wed the heiress,
For her land and all her gold.

True was the heart of young Lena,
And lovely and fair was her face,
And another beside her young sweetheart,
Strove to hold in that true heart a place.

For young Henry had a rival,
Who was handsome, young and gay,
Striving for the love of Lena,
And his name was Dr. Gray.

In the eyes of Lena's parents,
Favor this young Doctor found,
For he was known and honored
For many miles around.

But her vows they were made to young
Henry
And loyal and true was her heart,
So useless were parents and lover,
In seeking the loved ones to part.

The old Earl railed with anger,
And vengeance on them swore
And said if they ever wedded,
He would turn them from his door.

Lena's parents consented at last,
 For her to wed among friends,
 And loving kindred and holy
 Vows were said.

When the wedding day arrived,
 The sun shone clear and bright,
 And Henry and young Lena,
 Were wed with hearts as light.

The Earl would not come,
 He scorned the very thought;
 But the Doctor was invited,
 And the Earl's fair ward he brought.

The bride looked fair and lovely,
 In satin and old lace;
 But the fairest sight of all
 Was her charming tact and grace.

The day was long remembered,
 By many that were there;
 When fair and winsome Lena,
 Married an only son, an heir.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Once in chains of love you held me,
 But absence breaks the spell,
 In the days gone by I loved you,
 Not wisely, but too well.

So I'm trying not to love you,
 Trying to live the old love down,
 Yes, I'm learning to forget you,
 And you need not sigh or frown.

So I'll give you back your freedom
 And all your faults forgive,
 Yet your face will sometimes haunt me,
 All the years that I may live.

BOYS, WRITE TO MOTHER.

Oh! boys far away
 From your mother so true,
 What would cheer her dear heart,
 Like a letter from you?

What would make her eyes brighter,
 And her footsteps more light,
 Than a letter from her darling
 She's reared just and right?

All through your childhood
 She's tended you with care,
 So write a fond letter
 To your mother so dear.

No matter how far
 In strange countries you go,
 Never forget your dear mother
 And the great love you owe.

There's no love like a mother's,
 Nor never can be,
 Her love it is great
 As the sands of the sea.

Oh ! then, never be careless,
 To your mother to write,
 But send her a letter,
 That will make her heart light.

COPPER RIVER.

From the stories that are told me,
 How my fancies come in rhyme,
 Of the far-off Copper River
 And the Chesseana Mine.

From the port that's called Valdez's,
 Two hundred miles or more,
 They travelled to the northward,
 Ere they reached the golden ore.

Over country cold and frozen,
 With timber scant and bare,
 They travelled on with courage,
 Seeking for the gold so fair.

On the noted Valdez's glacier,
 Where travelers oft met death,
 They travelled steadily onward,—
 Those brave boys of the West.

In the distance loomed Mount Rangle,
Storming out both fire and smoke,
But their courage never faltered
Till the frozen ground they broke.

Seeking for the golden treasure,
That for which men sell their soul,
Oh! how joyous was their pleasure,
When they found the long-sought gold.

Travelling oft in perilous regions,
Dangerous both to mind and health,
Oh! how little, men heed caution,
When they seek for fame or wealth.

But the Copper River miner
Dreams of gold that none have seen,
But the red man who has told him
Where it mocks the sun's bright beam.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Oft my home seems sad and lonely,
For we number, oh, so few,
But a message brings me gladness.
When the postmark proves from you.

At night when I raise my curtain,
To look at the home on the hill,
No friendly light there greets me,
For strangers the old place fill.

Oh ! for the wings of a fairy,
 Adieu to the hills here so green,
 I would see the lights from Vancouver,
 With the Columbia shining between.

I would sit by your cosy north window,
 And look on the white mountain peaks,
 But, alas, for the longings of nature,
 When duty at every turn speaks.

THE FAIRY OF OUR HOME.

She's the angel of our household,
 She's the fairy of our home ;
 But alas, in great Chicago,
 Far away she soon will roam.

For her father, he's a wanderer,
 Though his heart's as true as gold,
 And those words, though few in number,
 Have a world of meaning told.

In the noted Libby Glass Works
 At the peoples' great World's Fair,
 Is her father ever busy
 Etching on the glasses there.

Soon the baby with her mother
 Will take the N. P. train,
 And we can only pray and bless them
 Till we meet them here again.

She's the dearest little mother,
With her sweet and sunny face,
And when she leaves Tacoma,
There will be a vacant place.

But, my memory plays me truant,
And I dream a pleasant dream,
How we two as little children
Wandered down life's sunny stream.

Since those days of early childhood,
We have learned in life's hard school,
Many a lesson great and simple,
As the household band we rule.

In our homes we've felt the presence
Of the noble God on high,
And to seek Him and obey Him,
In our early lives we'll try.

OH! HOW WE MISS THE BABY.

Oh! how we miss the baby,
The baby with sunny hair,
Yes, the one with golden tresses
And her face so sweet and fair. ,

To their home in a distant city,
They have taken her away,
And we miss the little darling
Every hour in the day.

But she is with papa
 And mamma, that's so true,
 So we must give our darling up,
 Though it is hard to do.

In fancy I can see her
 In all her baby grace,
 As she holds her little picture book
 And smiles up in my face.

She filled our hearts with sunshine,
 Made pleasure in our home,
 But such's the way of Providence,
 Apart, we all must roam.

Our Father up in heaven,
 Knows what we all can bear,
 And He sends us each our burden
 Of sorrow, love and care.

AN OFFERING OF FLOWERS.

Slowly the sun was sinking,
 The day was almost done,
 When a lady with her kindness,
 Thought to cheer a suffering one.

Fragrant were the flowers she brought her,
 Rich with every varied hue,
 They revealed a heart of kindness
 And a lady good and true.

Long the offering was remembered,
By the nurse who took the flowers,
For she knew how love and kindness
Helped to brighten lonely hours.

Often those in health and pleasure,
Busy in the world about,
Think not of the sick and suffering
Who from pleasure are shut out.

If we strive to help our neighbors,
Putting selfishness aside,
We will find a safer voyage
Down the stream of life so wide.

When the days of youth have vanished,
And our steps with age grow slow,
Then our hearts begin to wander,
To the road we all must go.

If we seek Him we shall find Him,
As life's weary path we trod,
And there is no other blessing
Sweeter than the love of God.

DEATH OF MY CHILDHOOD IDOL.

Once I knew a little girl,
'Twas in the long ago,
Her eyes were blue as heaven,
Her brow was white as snow.

Her hair was golden brown,
Her cheeks were cherry red;
But now the vision's faded
For little Maude is dead.

In that city, sad and silent,
Which is shrouded in its gloom
Is the sweetest face and fairest
Hidden in the cruel tomb.

I was in a far-off country,
When the news to me was sent,
Of the death of my childhood idol
And my heart with sorrow was rent.

For when I read a letter,
And the news that it contained,
My eyes they filled with tears
And my heart was grieved and pained.

There was not within my heart,
Oh! another half so dear,
As blue-eyed little Maudie
With her face so free from care.

With all my childhood recollections,
Will arise her sweet, dear face,
Oh! within my heart, dear Maudie,
None can ever take your place.

Oh! I may live for years,
'Till my hair is white as snow.
Yet I'll remember Maudie,
And the past of long ago.

THE WORKERS THAT ARE WANTED.

Oh! the workers that are wanted,
 Are the willing, kind and true,
 They are needed by the thousands,
 In our cities old and new.

There is always room for kindness,
 And a word of hope to say;
 If we only seek the toiling
 Passing on life's weary way.

Oft the sun may hide in shadow,
 And the clouds obscure its beam,
 But if we are true and faithful,
 Once again its rays will gleam.

Many seek for worldly pleasure,
 That must vanish as the dust,
 If you wish for that that's lasting,
 In our Saviour put your trust.

*A LETTER TO A DEAR FRIEND IN HOL-
LAND.*

Though you've crossed over the broad At-
 lantic,
 And are on the English soil,
 Yet I feel you oft remember
 Those on the Pacific shore.

The little woodland cottage,
And your sorrow and sadness there,
You never can forget it,
Though the world may yet look fair.

And in Tacoma's cemetery,
Far from your English home,
There lies your cherished treasures,
Where your thoughts must ever roam.

But your life may yet be happy,
Through the ever faithful One,
Though your husband is departed,
You have his dear loved son.

'Mid the stately homes of England,
With their land marks old and true,
May your life be full of sunshine,
Hope's bright star to shine anew.

And remember this, dear sister,
God's ways are always just,
And He'll take us all through safely,
If in Him we put our trust.

Far across the broad old ocean,
From America's distant land,
I'll send you, friend, this message,
Dedicated by my heart and hand.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Though no mountains may divide us,
 Nor rivers roll between,
 Your home's the crowded city,
 While my own's the country green.

In remembrance of the Christmas tide,
 And years we once held dear,
 I thought that I would send you
 A word of love and cheer.

And the greeting's not for you alone,
 For there's another by your side,
 To help you through life's battles,
 And over it's stormy tide.

I wish you both a happy Christmas,
 And many more of them,
 For it's the same old story,
 "Ever peace on earth, good will to men."

A FRIENDLY NOTE.

Dear friend, you're often thought of
 By mother and by me,
 We miss your friendly visits
 And pleasant face to see.

We miss the news you brought us.
 Of people oft of note,
 Some were your own dear kindred
 And others friends who wrote.

At evening when we gather
 And we, means only three,
 We often speak of you and yours,
 And wonder how you be.

How goes the time with Donald,
 And Catherine so fair,
 And others to me strangers
 Among the children there.

Far away there was a maiden,
 Like Catherine so sweet,
 And I'm sure I am not mistaken
 That you called her Marguerite.

Now, when you read my letter,
 Do not wait too long a while,
 But a friendly note, please send me,
 Though I haven't wealth or style.

I wish you a pleasant Christmas
 A happy glad New Year,
 For old father time has moved again.
 And Christmas tide is here.

OUR PEARL.

The little one who brightened our home,
 Whom strangers knew to love,
 Has said good-bye to earthly things.
 And fled to God above.

Oh! it was hard to lose our darling,
To yield up the precious one,
But God is just, in Him we trust,
His will, on earth, be done.

From His crown of precious treasures,
He lent one shining pearl,
But His heart grew sad without her,
And he called back our baby girl.

Now, up in the heavenly kingdom,
Severed from this world apart
Waits the angel of our household,
And the darling of our heart.

In the land of love and sunshine,
Where no sorrow's ever known,
Resting with the gentle Saviour,
Shedding love around His throne.

There awaits our blue-eyed baby,
With her bright and sunny hair,
Just beyond the golden portals,
May our name be written there.

FOR THE HARVEST HOME.

In the wild woods of nature,
From rock and from tree,
I've gathered these mosses,
Presented by me.

For the harvest home gathering,

In this century so wide;

These booklets I offer,

In the cause that Christ died.

Even in life's smallest duties,

Oft our tasks seem hard to do,

So I'll tell you my experience

Every word of which is true.

When for the nickel harvest,

The thought first struck my mind,

To make these little booklets,

I thought I had not time.

One day there came a peddler,

And I bought his stock in trade,

Then I sold it to a neighbor,

And a profit there I made.

When I laid the true foundation

Of this little book of moss;

And the time has not been wasted,

I have never felt its loss.

Then I wandered to the prairie

In my own dear native state,

And I gathered of the harvest,

That no hands need cultivate.

Oft times I grew discouraged,

When the sales were rather small,

But when I reached the summit,

I had purchasers for all.

Even in this small experience,
There is room for thought that's wide,
How our Saviour always helps us,
If we follow by His side.

ANSWERING A LETTER.

You ask me to forgive you,
Dear friend, I truly do,
For in the years gone by,
I have tried and found you true.

You write of sorrow and trouble,
Well, we all must have our woes,
But our Father, in His wisdom,
Mercy and kindness ever shows.

Long I waited for your letter,
Sad and weary grew my heart,
For in the days gone by,
We had no thoughts apart.

Twelve long years since I first knew you,
Then a little maid was I,
But the friendship that we've cherished,
In this world can never die.

In that far off lonely country,
With its miles of sage brush plain,
Long we wandered on together,
Sharing joy as well as pain.

Oh! well do I remember
The homestead by the road,
The old house with the broad fireplace,
And rye fields early sowed.

How your dear voice ever cheered me,
Giving love and sweet content,
And your friendship brought a blessing
Though I far from you have went.

All day we worked together
With our household labors took,
But when evening shades were falling
down,
We sat with lamp and book.

Side by side we gathered knowledge,
From the noble, high, and great,
And we learned the old, true, lesson,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Oft we tried to pierce the future,
And we castles built that fell,
But those days are gone forever,
And their echo is farewell.

*CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE
WATERS.*

Be kind unto your neighbors,
Show to them your pleasant ways;
Cast your bread upon the waters,
And it will return after many days.

Help the blind and lame and needy,
That everywhere abound,
Oft among the poor and lowly,
Are the truest Christians found.

And no act of loving kindness,
Nor no word of hope or cheer,
Will ever fall unheeded,
Upon the Saviour's ear.

Acts of kindness bring a blessing,
In a thousand different ways,
Cast your bread upon the waters,
And it will return after many days.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

He was only a brakeman
Upon a railroad train,
But you would find him at his post
In sunshine or in rain.

He was a handsome fellow,
Brimming over with mirth and joy,
And was known among the many
As the generous railroad boy.

His heart it was so kind,
Suffering he could not bear to see,
And he always spent his money
With a lavish hand so free.

For if he saw poor children,
 Upon the crowded street,
 He always gave them money,
 To buy them food to eat.

He was only a poor brakeman,
 Thousands passed him without a
 thought,
 But his heart was true as gold,
 And with money he was never bought.

His life is like the many
 Floating on life's troubled waves,
 Often those whose hearts are kindest,
 Go unhonored to their graves.

***TO A BEAUTIFUL RIVER THAT FLOWS
 THROUGH EASTERN OREGON.***

Beautiful Deschutes,
 From Crescent lake flows,
 And on to Columbia
 It's bright water goes.

Rushing and sweeping
 With its waters so wide,
 It flows from Columbia
 On to the tide.

On its banks, green and verdant,
 Where its wild roses twine,
 Life's cares seem to vanish
 'Mid the sweet fragrant vine.

For as clear are its waters
As the chrystal blue sky,
And its trout are unnumbered
As the wild birds that fly.

It passes through canyons
And valleys so green,
There's not in this wide world
A more beautiful stream.

It rushes over falls,
With a torrent that's grand,
It passes through miles
Of green, fertile land.

How beautiful its waters
To a stranger must seem,
Who rides by a traveler
And views this fair stream.

It cheers the lone traveler
Who praises the sight,
When he lays down his burden
To rest for the night.

Sparkling and rippling,
In sunshine or rain,
In all kinds of weather
It's always the same.

Rushing and sweeping,
Onward it goes,
Beautiful Deschutes
To Columbia it flows.

VICTORY.

They are marching on to victory,
Our gallant boys in blue,
Winning glory for the nation,
And honor that's their due.

Far away at Santiago
Deeds of bravery have been done.
That shall live in nation's history,
While the course of life is run.

Young in years was hero Hobson,
But he heard his country's call,
And prepared for the hereafter
Should it be his fate to fall.

But they are marching on to victory,
Winning battles by land and sea,
And we hourly wait the tidings
When fair Cuba shall be free.

With her stricken sons and daughters,
In peace and rest once more,
Shall breathe the air of freedom
On Cuba's distant shore.

And when the war is ended,
And peace is made with Spain.
Then our war cry we will bury,
Though we'll not forget the "Maine."

And the stars and stripes in peace,
Shall wave on land and sea.
Though not alone stands Cuba,
But in Union we will be.

A LETTER TO A DEAR FRIEND.

(Composed by one friend and written by
another.)

Dear friend, I read your letter,
And it filled my heart with pain,
To hear you had lost your treasure,
Though perhaps it is his gain.

Not dead, but departed,
Are our loved ones gone before,
And through faith we hope to meet them,
On that bright elysian shore.

Bright and noble seemed the promise,
Of your boy's future life,
But you have one consolation,
He will know no earthly strife.

Death first claimed your darling mother,
And then your little son,
But you have the sorrowing comfort
'Tis the will of God's that's done.

In fancy, I see a maiden,
Brown eyes and auburn hair,
And hear her sing the dear old song,
"Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare."

It seems but a short space of time,
Yet it's twelve long years or more
Since first I came to know you,
On this far-off Western shore.

But when the picture comes to mind,
Two maids I always see,
One, she is your own sweet self
The other writes for me.

In love you were like a sister,
Though you knew no kindred tie,
But such friendship pure and holy,
On the earth will never die.

From this far-off Western city,
To the dear old Quaker State,
I feel that for my friendly lines,
A welcome there awaits.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Dear old Bible,
Good and true,
How many years
Have I known you?

Perhaps it's thirty
Years or more,
Since first you entered
My mother's door.

In a little home
On the hillside,
Where I said my prayers
At the evening tide.

With another I knelt
At my mother's knee,
With my future life
All yet to see.

Then my father was there,
In the prime of life,
With his children around him,
And a Christian wife.

I often think,
And my heart grows sad,
That those days of childhood
Are all that's glad.

When the storms of life
All are unseen,
We are as happy then
As king or queen.

Oh! dear old Bible,
Pure and true,
Those verses are
Alone for you.

THE BOY WE MISS.

Oh! how we miss your baby,
With his face so fair and sweet,
The sound of his merry chatter,
And his little patterning feet,

I seem to see him here again,
 A climbing grandpa's knee,
 Hugging our little tramp dog,
 And scolding out at me.

Kissing his great grandma,
 And carrying things about,
 A-hunting in the parlor,
 And bringing treasures out.

Such a little busy boy,
 Looking cute and wise,
 Never the least bit flustered
 With all my Oh's and My's.

*AUTOGRAPH AND VALENTINE AND
 EASTER VERSES.*

Years will change the fairest flowers,
 Soon they'll wither and decay,
 But my friendship is forever
 Just the same as it is to-day.

Oh! think of me when near,
 Oh! think of me afar,
 And the love I dearly bear you,
 Let it be your guiding star.

Here within your album,
 I'll write a line or two,
 But they are from a dear friend,
 That ever shall be true.

May peace and joy be with you and yours,
This Easter tide, I pray,
And may you always be my friend,
As I feel you are to-day.

What counts all the world's wealth and
fashion,
If salvation we lose on the morrow,
For there's only one pathway to heaven,
And it leads through affliction and sor-
row.

Oh! for an hour from childhood,
In the dear old childhood home,
With our loved ones all about us,
And life's sorrows all unknown.

But our footsteps all have wandered,
From the dear old childhood spot,
And in life's closing evening,
We among strangers cast our lot.

In after years, dear cousin,
When this album's yellow with age,
Pray don't forget the writer,
Who has wrote upon this page.

When you are sad and lonely,
Think of our dear absent friend,
Who will prove true and faithful,
'Till time itself shall end.

From one who never forgets you,
In pleasure or in gloom,
From one who hopes to meet you,
In the world beyond the tomb.

Here within your album,
Signed by many a friend that's true,
I'll write a line of friendship
And sign my name for you.

Oh! do not forget me,
Never, Oh! never,
Like the flowers everlasting,
Let us be friends forever.

I know in your heart
There are others more dear,
Yet sometimes remember
The friend who wrote here.

May the friendship we cherish,
No trials ever blight,
May it remain just as stainless
As this paper so white.

How oft in jeweled casket,
We hoard some treasures rare,
Sometimes 'tis raven tresses,
Sometimes 'tis golden hair.

Oh! the words of true friendship
Never wither nor die,
No, they're everlasting,
Like heaven's blue sky.

May your life be filled with sunshine and
pleasure,

May the bright star of hope smile on
you,

May the love which you win prove a treas-
ure,

Through life everlasting and true.

Remember me in sorrow,

Remember me in bliss,

Remember me forever,

In the world that's far from this.

When this world seems cold and dreary,

And the heart's bowed down with care,

Who can give thee consolation

Like a mother true and dear.

In hours when you are thinking,

Your thoughts all alone,

Won't you remember me sometimes,

As a friend you have known.

Dear friend, forget me never,

Within your heart so true,

Remember me forever,

And I'll remember you.

You are young with life before you,

Pray heed what I would say,

As you pass on life's great highway,

Ever seek the Christian way.

Whether in the Arctic region,
Or beneath a southern sky,
When you read the lines here written,
Do not pass the writer by.

In the calm gentle hour of evening,
When the presence of angels seem nigh,
Give to me one precious moment,
Far sweeter than money can buy.

Now, another heart has won me,
Diamonds on my fingers shine,
And the old love that once held me,
I must evermore resign.

In the hour when first I knew you,
When from love my heart was free,
Little I thought, that some day, darling,
You would be the world to me.

We must bear our burdens patiently.
Not seeking to retreat,
For through life we must remember
There is bitter with the sweet.

When the golden sun is setting,
Sinking slowly in the West,
And your household cares are over,
With your mind at ease and rest,

And all the friends you know best,
Hold in your heart a place,
Won't you think of one who loves you,
Though absent is her face.

Oft times when I sit thinking,
Of the friends of other days,
Oh! often to your fireside
Is where my fancy strays.

Though many miles divide us,
And rivers roll between,
Yet in memories' cherished casket
Your fair face is ever seen.

I might rise in this proud world,
To honor and to fame,
Yet my heart would beat faster
At the sound of your name.

Dear friend, within your album
Which contains so much of truth,
I'll sign the name I bear now,
While in my girlhood youth.

Though my friendship oft is silent,
And I dwell apart from you,
Yet when friendship's roll is numbered,
Ever count me among the true.

In life's long lonesome journey,
In its darkest hours of care,
Why not ask consolation,
By seeking God in prayer.

In sowing in the field of time,
Let it be good deeds that you sow,
And when comes the last dark messenger
In the boat of life we'll row.

When you're looking over this album,
Perhaps I will absent be,
But do not pass with glances hasty,
Give one lingering thought to me.

Your friend in joy or sorrow,
In sunshine or in rain,
Your friend in worldly pleasure,
In earthly care or pain.

In the gathering gloom of twilight,
When a silence seems to fall,
Won't you dream of me in memory,
And perhaps my face recall.

I may go far away,
And all life's pleasures see,
But yet in my heart there'll be
A fond thought for thee.

How oft in dark hours
Of sadness and grief,
The words of a mother
Can give thee relief.

Some night as you sit thinking,
By your fireside bright,
Remember one who loves you
And think of me that night.

When you are thinking of loved ones
And friends that are dear,
Won't you call back to memory
The one who wrote here.

Oh! beauty will fade
And flowers will die,
Yet I'll remember you
While I see yonder sky.

In the future when you're thinking
And these lines you chance to see,
Won't memory wander in the past
And bring my face to thee.

Don't forget me when you're happy,
Leave for me one little space,
In the depth of thine affection
Do not let my name erase.

In life's sunny hours,
When no sorrow is near,
Won't you think of the writer
Who placed these lines here.

Oh! my dearest, darling daughter,
In all the years you yet may live,
You will find no treasure greater
Than the love your parents give.

In the album of friendship,
Many lines have been wrote,
Some reflecting hearts of gladness
Others like some sad bird's note.

Though the fairest flowers will wither,
And true love's been severed in twain,
Yet the friendship I bear you is lasting,
And through life it will ever remain.

Every rose bud will wither
Yet its thorns will be there,
So faded life's pleasure
But they leave us their care.

I have many friends in this wide world
And many good and true,
Yet among the many there isn't
Any half so dear as you.

Though our lives lay far asunder,
And perhaps we'll never meet,
Yet a tie of kindred binds us,
And the thought to me is sweet.

Like the streams that swell
In the mountain gorges,
When the snow is melted
By the sun's bright ray.

So my love has grown
In depth and measure
Since we parted
That fair June day.

Good will to old valentine,
Long may he live,
And joy and gladness
To young hearts ever give.

As the years roll around
On the wheels of old time,
Each young heart will welcome
The valentine rhyme.

Easter songs of gladness,
Lord to Thee we sing,
Leaving all our sadness
Hiding 'neath Thy wing.

In memory's golden casket,
Where you count each precious gem,
Give to me one thought of friendship
And plant it there with them.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Be kind to the aged,
 The lonely and old,
 Their hearts may be true
 Though their hair is not gold.

They've outlived many a fond friend,
 Their loved ones have died,
 So they long for the last call
 When they'll sleep by their side.

But while they yet linger
 At our hearth and our home,
 Let us treat them as royally
 As a King on his throne.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, dear, kind companions,
 As the book of life is closed,
 So the verses are completed,
 I have through love composed.

Many friends that I have known well,
 And whose faces have grown dear,
 Have come to me in fancy
 And I've wrote their memory here.

Some are resting in the graveyard,
 Their spirit safe with God,
 Some are yet among the living
 And this earthly sphere they trod.

One by one the loved ones gather,
As memory calls the roll,
The dear ones I have cherished
In the recess of my soul.

Some are dear beyond all measure.
And seem, of my life, a part,
And I count their love a treasure,
In the well springs of my heart.

As the orchard burst in blossom,
Ere delicious fruit is had,
So my life sometimes is happy
And sometimes it is dark and sad.

Life is like a flowing river,
And its stream is deep and wide,
And how many souls unanchored,
Float upon its troubled tide.

How far and yet how near,
Lies that dark, hidden sea,
That bears us on its waters,
To the shores of Eternity.

While the heart's aglow with sunshine,
And the cheeks with roses bloom,
Oft as lightning speeds the messenger,
That calls us to the tomb.

Life's a journey all uncertain,
And the world is very wide,
Many a false heart here is gathered,
Many a true one cast aside.

Ah ! the golden grains of wisdom,
We gather them with years,
We pluck them on life's journey,
Through pleasure, love and tears.

Every heart has its sorrow,
From care no life is free,
Life is like the surging ocean,
Life is like the moaning sea.

But faith and trust in Jesus,
Will carry us safely through,
And the glorious light of heaven,
Will burst upon our view.

Good night, dear, kind companions,
All my thoughts I could not tell,
If I should write forever,
So I'll bid you all farewell.



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